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GUIDE UP SALT RIVER

a CANNON shot.
BLAND and eloquent in-VEST.



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A SETTING SON.

The Sun of the East ascended on high,
But the Setting Son goes out on the fly;
Stic to your party through thick and thin,
And gaze on the duffer that didn't win.

.....with the Compliments of.....

SALT RIVER GUIDE, 5 Euclid Ave No. 14, Cleveland, Ohio.

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A GUIDE



Up Salt River

Illustrated with some of the Broadest Features
Developed during the Campaign.

a CANNON shot.

BLAND and eloquent in-VEST.

1896.

A List of the Presidential Candidates.

Republican

WM. MCKINLEY—Ohio—President.

G. A. HOBART—New Jersey—Vice President.

Democratic—Populist

WM. J. BRYAN—Neb.—President.

ARTHUR SEWALL—Me.—Vice President.

THOS. E. WATSON—Ga.—Vice President.

National Democrats

JOHN M. PALMER—Ill.—President.

SIMON P. BUCKNER—Ky.—Vice President.

Prohibition

JOSHUA LEVERING—Md.—President.

HALE JOHNSON—Ill.—Vice President.

Socialist Labor

C. E. MATCHETT—N. Y.—President.

MATHEW MAGUIRE—N. J.—Vice President.

National Party.

C. E. BENTLEY—Neb.—President.

J. H. SOUTHGATE—N. C.—Vice President.

Address: A Guide Up Salt River,

5 Euclid Ave., Room 14. Cleveland, O.

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Introduction.

Full instructions given the benighted politician whose affections have been trifled with by the suffrage of his enthusiastic admirers. Gratuitous advice offered those whose destination is unknown before canvas, through the canvas, and after the canvas are *Billed farther West*. We cordially invite the attention of the unsuspecting public to a full understanding of the subject displayed on the frontispiece. On behalf of the National Committee we beg to advise you, that the Revenue Cutter General Deficiency may be chartered for duck hunting and fishing. Emergency bait free (*message to Congress*). Horizontal reduction and innocuous desuetude ballast. Split tickets sold and baggage checked up Salt River. Special rates made with junketing committees on still hunts, and travelers to the great political Mecca.



THE SETTING SON.

The Sun of the East ascended on high,
But the Setting Son goes out on the fly;
Stick to your party through thick and thin,
And gaze on the duffer that didn't win.

Ode to the Setting Son.

We dedicate these lines to the jaded tribe
Who scooped at the poles are destined to slide,
The Sun of the East has ascended on high,
But the setting Son goes out on the fly;
Though wingless you know he sails out of sight,
For we assist him with votes, to take his flight.

The campaign opened with a shout and a bang,
And candidates that are left, in effigy must hang ;
So fall into line, with your hoop-la-hoo
And support the great party and blow your bazoo.
The bobs and the nabobs appeared in their caps
And marched through the streets without mishaps ;
They fell into columns in magnificent style,
And flanking the bar, took another smile.

There was currency Tom who hails from Lorain,
Who riding a rail joined in the refrain ;
His pants were too short to play billiards or pool,
But they showed up broad and dyed in the wool.
He met his companions who were out on a steal,
With whiskey and cigars, his constituents to feel ;
His mugwump friend who stood well in
Slid up to the side board and hooked on with his chin.
A swap is made with liquor for votes,
And the new fledged citizens are bunched like goats,
On the day of election the tocsin is sounded ;
Some candidates fall and some party pounded,
They drop out of sight with a silent grin
Having lost their starch and lost all their vim.

With breeches turned up and collars turned down,
They touched in the middle and touched all around ;
There was Hi-Hi-Metaty and Shagnasty Jim
Who knocked out the crown and borrowed the rim.
At the sound of the gong, they start further West,
With grips well packed, 'tis all for the best ;
The tramps and the heroes, all mixed in the batch,
Can nurse their bile and new conspiracies hatch.
Snowed in, snowed under, it hailed and it blew,
The gale split the ticket and Bryan went through ;
The wreck at Chicago was viewed with regret,
Where the Tammany braves struck camp in a pet,
A day will be spent at "Pike's Peak or bust,"
To nurse the weary and rub off the rust.
Where judge hand me down for revision I suppose,
Is found picking out thorns from his cross and crown
clothes ;
With Chin-ga-oh-Jack and Papago belles,
They will rank with the chiefs and rank with the smells.
Judge Baker is there with cast-iron rule,
To gauge the unwashed and salt down the school ;
The Chief Injustice, whom we know very well,
May sentence them to Yuma—the next place to hell.
With "G" strings as costumes in comfortable fix,
They can sit on the banks, and bank on the styx.
Political mummies on deck at each hand,
A sail up Salt River will cure the band,
There "Sway-back Charlie," with nautical zeal,
Trod the decks like a tar and a tartar to steal
Some feathers from the hat of the silver fool,
Who slipped through his platform—fell in the pool;
They fished him up by the slack of the pants,
And wrung him out for the Popocrats.

The Foxes and Crows, the Blackfeet and Shawnee,
The Utes and Piutes, the Comanches, you see,
Nakemas, Nez Percez, Hualapais and Wallawallas,
The Pawnee braves and Apache Chiracahuas,
There Sioux and Shoshonees, and the red skin gang,
Walked the decks in splendor, till the dinner bell rang.
They rushed to the fare and fared with the best,
Ate grasshopper soup and mule steak like the rest.
Little Yellow Dog sat with Standing Bear,
And neither had anything fit to wear ;
While Yellowstone Sid and Rattlesnake Cy,
Downed all the hash and ate all the pie.
Three sheets in the wind—there was Crockodile Bill,
Who hugged the table and got his fill,
Then Cocopah Phil appeared, don't you know,
To deliver a speech and a knock-out blow,
When Arrapahoe Dave got into the racket,
And dealt him a blow with a golden packet ;
Then Si-wash Bandana arose with a boast,
And toasted his shins and roasted his host.
He planted his feet on top of the board,
While the musicians performed with an empty goard ;
The banquet was closed in a free fight for all,
As they fought for the boodle and the silver ball.



SENATOR SOURMASH.

Senator Sourmash of Kentucky will deliver his address on the “Issues of the day,” a dyed in the wool Democrat, whose standard has been raised on every plank, and on every platform that supports him.

Most reputable, and most disreputable fellow-citizens—Democrats, Populists, Prohibitionists, Free Traders and Anarchists!—

Anything less than raising Hell with the usual order of events, and crossing the Styx, must and will be decried from this platform, of which I may observe in passing, the fewer the planks, the better the form, reform not included.

My friend, a democrat in good standing, who may address you this evening, is accused of possessing too much honesty, but too little cash. He trusts during the ensuing canvas, to effect an interchange of these commodities, which will redound to his credit: improve his social, his political, and his financial standing. What has he accomplished? He has worshipped the Ragbaby, kneeled at the feet of the Silver Idol, made love to the Single Tax heresy, and proposed to Miss Free Trade in everything! And finally, with all these leap year opportunities has sifted through his own platform, and struck bottom substantially. Salt him down!

What are we here for, and for what? The Democratic party is discredited, its authority disputed, and mortgaged to a thousand factions. We are advised that there are too many tramps, place hunters, and fishmongers in the rank and file to knit them together. It is a period of Secession, Dissension and Ascension in politics. Let us organize!

Thousands of knightly Swiss, iron-clad and hirsute editors, hanging in the financial balance, are clamoring for support. Let them arise with the bird that crows long and lustily, and gather together the fowls of the prairie, and the fish of sea, and display our colors on sheets resplendent with illustrations, the

denizens of Noah's Ark: the ante-deluvian relics of a by-gone Age! Shall we not denounce the Sun of New York, which has arisen with a flood of light above the democratic horizon, followed by a score of hand-organs that repudiate repudiation, and fail to denounce our denounciators! The principals underlying that organ are characterized by two truths, three lies and four prevarications. Again the "blankerty-blank blowhard," though ablaze with partisan zeal, and popular vigour has kicked over the editors ink-pot, and as an organ is turned by a crank whose unmusical squeak and pityful bark is as painfully apparent as his hairy parent. The finger marks of the printers devil are displayed on every page, and the seat of his intelligence has shifted to the Torrid Zone of political discussion. Valiant soldiers indeed! Their wit stalled, their seats installed, they cover their retreat with armed chairs. Where is the standard we have faithfully followed the last four years, and where are the planks in the platform we stood on during the last campaign? From prairie to prairie, and from Sewall to Sewall we have searched in vain. Again we are charged with reaping the fruits of our partisan policy. It is an infamous lie; for we have neither sat in the council chamber, filled a lucrative office, or been the beneficiary of any appropriation. Our party was placed in power to disseminate the doctrine of Free Trade, to annihilate protection to American industries, to reduce taxation and the public debt, and to utterly destroy the trusts imposed upon us. We were elected to relieve the people of gigantic corporations and syndicates, and all burdens incident to political preferment. What is the outcome? Our influential friends and acquaintances have run to cover within the charmed circle of profitable trusts and combines, and the solid yeoman who placed them in power are left without office or emolument. Our votes have been cast like pearls before swine. A revision of tariff has engulfed American

enterprise from North to South. The importer is found at home as well as abroad ; for we find those who have nothing of domestic manufacture to wear, except the broad smile incident to a political euchre and constant practice before the bar. This gentleman is a leap-year circus. Three platforms under the same canvas and no wool in the canvas ! In convention assembled, we are Chicagoed. Can we therefore express our honest convictions upon the public stage since that event ? We will not unbosom our innermost thoughts, for that would be corrupt and illfated politics. What is the party programme ? How shall we decorate our banners with triumphant branches and cover our tables with the fruits of our industry ? We believe in immigration, emmigration and colonization of voters as long as we can achieve partisan success. We shall equip Burros with annexes and caudle appendages. Burros saddled and bridled and mounted with Knights of Honor. A Burro of intelligence will be inaugurated whose ears will reach to every corner of the Universe and whose tail will flirt with every political organization in existence. Salt them down in Bryan, for we neither advocate his doctrine, drink his whiskey, or sound his praises ! Where are we ? Where ? The Greenbackers have repudiated currency, and taken up with hard money ! Where are the Populists ? Who neither take to water or a bath. Their sockless leaders patronize our best hotels, travel abroad, smoke Havanas, drink champaigne and advocate hard cider to their constituents. Salt them down !

What do we see in the horizon favorable to democratic ascendency ? Nothing ! Nothing indeed but the Silver Moon reflecting the Son from Nebraska, and the old clothes we are destined to wear in the next canvas. Caught by a financial cyclone, some of us may be forced into a new suit of stripes and bars, and safely immured behind the walls of the county castle, but this apparel would debar us from a tri-

umphant return after the campaign. I repudiate the suggestions in toto. In the meantime our garments shall hang in effigy, to demoralize the crows that hover around and threaten our political existence. Where are our office seekers, where? Our ranks are depleted by their uncompromising partisanship and devotion to their personal interests. They have become unreliable factors in every campaign and on every issue. Salt them down! This Administration has sold 262 millions of gold bonds to the Gold Bugs. How many Gold Bugs are there in our ranks for campaign purposes? They are unpopular and unpatriotic supporters of this Government. Bury the Gold Bugs and sing a requiem! We most emphatically repudiate all bugs within the democratic circle. And since we may be found associating with fellows whose rank odour is unquestioned, we absolutely refuse to rehearse our hotel experience in this City! Again, how many Silver Bugs are there in our party? None you reply, and we support your theory. Certainly not; comparison is odious, since we are asked.

"How many Silver bugs make one Gold bug?" We answer, intrinsically-thirty, but the conversion will never be affected. Transmutation of metals is an impossibility, but the transmutation of politicians is not only a possible, [but popular fad! The Silver flyer is not impressed with any argument. Let him resent the allegation and denounce the allegator, who born under a Southern Sun, defies the head as well as the tails of the ticket. The 950 million dollar coinage of Silver India, is intrinsically worth one half its former value, and the 750 millions of Silver China, is not only served the same way commercially, but well Jappaned! Where is our Income Tax, where? And where is our income under this Administration anyway! The Supreme Court of the United States finds no man guilty of enjoying an income of four thousand dollars per annum. Not even a Congress-

man lobbying for a railroad company, or a Wall Street broker in "four per cents." The tax is unconstitutional! Let us revise the decision of the Supreme Court, and preserve them in the most orthodox manner.

We confront the issues of the day, and what are they? We want neither expansion nor innovation, protection or taxation of any kind or description! Above all things, let us not be burdened with ideas! For they have broken the planks in every platform we have supported, and threatened us with political extinction! From a medical standpoint, we advocate Free Trade in Plasters, as a panacea for all ills, foreign and domestic. The tax on Tobacco, Whiskey, Cigars and Champaigne are both iniquitous and burdensome. Let us cast aside all forms of taxation to relieve us not only from taxation incident to protecting our own interests but Revenue also! We are advised that when we adopt Free Trade, "we shall have a future in politics," as we shall embrace both a principal and a better half! The bachelor tax, since the days of Adam, (I mention him with respect since he possessed more ribs than he knew what to do with,) has awakened some enthusiasm and tempted some reprisals, and by George the socialist, and women suffragists in general, has cordial support! The public garrets and cellars are filled with literature on the subject, and our government archives are enriched with volumes that have come to stay. Requiescat in Pace! Let us have Free Coinage! Free coinage in Pig Iron, Lead, Zinc, Tin and Antimony! Should that not suffice, let us coin our Oxygen, our Hydrogen and our Holland Gin! One of my friends, who practices before the bar in the most approved fashion, in what capacity I will not venture to relate, out of respect for his illegal attainments and bibulous verbosity, has suggested; that if we are not Chicagoed and Shanghied in the coming campaign, we may congratulate our-

selves. Two years ago, with the Executive, the Senate, the House of Representatives, and five hundred millions of hard Silver Dollars in the Treasury of the United States! we had hard times, and hard times we still have! Salt that down in Bryan! Where are the fruits of our democratic policy? Where? We have raised corn in Honolulu and eggs in the United States. Summum Bonum! I beg to call your attention, briefly, to the profitable margins noted in in this industry! As an illustration of the beauties of Free Trade on one hand, and the single tax theory on the other, as the hen alone appears on the tax duplicate. We exhibit an egg. It being something substantial, and available, you will support my theory. It is ripe. It has reached the year of discretion. It preaches an eloquent gospel, its doctrine is as emphatic as its perfume is pronounced. It is here to resent any slur cast on this party platform. It will have its rise and its fall under the protecting wings of Cleveland's Administration, and is therefore as effective a democratic argument to-day as it has been in the past. Let it be preserved, and well preserved, salted, and resalted in Bryan! During the heated controversy at the Chicago convention, some eggs hatched, and some exploded. Should there be any democratic eagles present that took flight in that memorable occasion, let them take a seat on this platform. None present, certainly not, they have gone over to the enemy's camp! Let us banquet, eat and crow! for crow it is! I am asked, who and where are the great Unwashed! I am greatly annoyed at the suggestion, as it appears to be both an impertinent as well as pertinent question. I shall endeavor to answer the doubter, by suggesting that he has mistaken his calling, but has the call! He may not be a liar, but personally I am neither on the witness stand or on the wash-stand. Therefore, he should be made to understand that this is a well washed platform, that

the democrats being in office and in power, are not responsible for any stand on the issues of the day. If there are any of the great unwashed present this evening, who have been overlooked, or who feel slighted for any lack of attention on our behalf; I beg to advise them, that they are cordially invited to ascend the platform and take part in the proceedings *that are to follow!* We have preached Gold to our bosom friends and Silver to our constituents, and pause for relief until the day of election. We are told our prospects are going up, but the financial flue is not mentioned. Never mind—pay your bills in a fifty-three-cent Silver Dollar, and when you get into trouble again, square your accounts with pig iron, or any thing else that occurs to you.

The Silver Knight, in his Robe de-nuit,
Is a Knight in distress you see.

He swears valiantly, charges with Quixotic valor the windmills of Trade and Commerce, and wins neither our gratitude or the golden treasures of reward. We all enjoy patting the back of a winning horse, or shaking the phalanges of a notability. Having for years had the more or less laudable ambition to gain an interview with the Moses of the Democracy, who smote the silver rock with the golden rod, and mortgaged his party to the Gold bugs. I prepared a set speech for the trying ordeal, being duly and piscatorily impressed with his weight, *avoirdupois*.

As citizens of the Great Republic, we are welcome to enter the time honored portals of the White House, but as full fledged politicians, we are eyed with suspicion, and maneuver for the crumbs that fall from the Executive table. Unfortunately my efforts were not crowned with the success anticipated. I was advised to charter a New Bedford whaler, and pore over the pages of Sir Isaack Walton for inspiration and advice. A clean sweep was in order, as the

mudslingers of the West and South, had pleyed their avocation on the walks on the White House, and the footprints of the Populists had left a sandy impression upon the floors. The Mansion was in process of being repainted and refurnished at our expense as the Silver bugs had registered their discontent on its tapistries. I therefore executed a flank movement, as all the avenues of approach are rigidly guarded against the office seeker, I encountered in fact on this memorable occasion, the physician, who while hurriedly taking his departure, politely advised me that in consequence of an accession to the ranks of the democracy in that immediate neighborhood, I had best nurse my prospects and my discontent, since nursing was in order. I paused and pondered, it was a giltedged reprisal with a silver lining, and I retired to a neighboring bar for encouragement, where a young man struck up the popular ballad "After the Ball," and I sought more encouragement. However a democrat substantially in good standing, confidentially informed me that on the following morning Grover would take a run to Rum Bay, on the Revenue Cutter "General Deficiency," a Jeffersonian fishing, and a Jacksonian duck hunting trip being in order, leaving at 8 A. M. Being duly accredited and legally advised, I arrived promptly at 7:79, just in time to catch a glimpse of the distinguished party ascending the gangway. With my Chief of Staff, I reached out to gain the long wished for interview, and fortunately caught the slack of his trousers, but the garment being imported from England, gave way under pressure of American events and I gained at that moment a most impressive view of the Chief Executive. I was checked in my enthusiastic devotion to the party, but carried away with me as a souvenir of his loyalty to his cousins across the pond, a convincing emblem of "Tariff Reform." Let us raise the democratic standard and march to Victory !

A Popular Presentation.

Fellow Citizens:—I take great pleasure this evening in introducing to your notice, a statesman from Kansas. You know him well. He plants his feet on the Shoe and Leather industry of this great country, wears the medal, but no foot-gear. He is not imbued with sectional animosity, neither is he a tenderfoot, but a tried politician, who cultivates yarns and wears wool a yard wide. He tows cotton into the canvas, and canvasses on his silver toes. He preaches no compromise in politics; and patriotically insists that the Tariff is a local issue. Should forsooth you differ from him on the question of protection to American industries, raise the issue at once, for something must be raised with which to pay your taxes. In conclusion I might add, that his standing is not in question, for Uncle Sam pays him for his affix, with persistent regularity in Gold on demand.

He is present, presentable, persuasive and pronounced, and in the words of the immortal Cocopah Poet, he

“A sockless Sockdologer socked socks on the side,
And sued Sanders for slander and Slade for a slide.”

Let us mint our Peffers and coin our peppermint.

Salt That Down in Bryan.

When you catch it rather fresh
And o'er the rails it shows two tails
Just nab a whale without a quail
And salt that down in Bryan.

Alaska seal were raised to steal
Why not be chipper and nail the skipper
Catch a crab and another flipper
And salt that down in Bryan.

With Mal-de-Mer you need some care
And getting ill must swallow a pill,
Take a Nebraska reliever, a dose of hay-fever
And salt that down in Bryan.

Now hitch your hobby to a silver Tommy
And ring your bell for a Texas yell
For the cotton bug sits on the rug
And salt that down in Bryan.

The Income Tax was made of wax
And the Wilson Bill was full of swill,
We called in Bull and kicked out wool
And salt that down in Bryan.

And should the moon pop up too soon
And the Silver breeze begin to freeze
And chickens hatch with none to match
Just salt them down in Bryan.

DEE BEE HILL.

NEW YORK.

(“WHY I AM A TRAYNOR.”)

Off-colored and top-heavy candidates trained and weighted for the campaign.

Partisan Burros docked.

Dark horses clipped and branded.

Ringers doctored and reinstated.

Antediluvian pets groomed and fed.

Twin-tailed candidates embalmed and shipped to hades.

A full supply of gratuitous advice, “G” strings, high steppers, ancestral shoes and stockings.

“SILVER BILL.”

NEVADA.

POP BROKER.

Money loaned on Lyes, Chestnuts and Boomers-angs; principal and interest payable in gold.

Income Tax Vouchers.

Eternal Revenue Stamps.

Tariff Dams and Tinkers. (*b-d.*)

Wigwams, Fences, Sure things.

Free Trade Freshets, Comets and Eclipses.

Planks and Platforms.

Senatorial Endorsements.

Gila Monsters and Political Monstrosities.

Log-rollers, Congressional speeches, Grips and Boodle.

Up Salt River.

The Steamboat **Toboggan Slide** will leave the Administration Docks daily. Music furnished by the Insolvency Band. Wah Hoo Meshakerty, Past Grand Master.

The Silver Plate used on this steamer is identical with the silver legislated for and coined by Uncle Sam. Having relegated in value during the years of its coinage, forty per cent., it is sent up Salt River with the politicians who support it.

Menu.

Soup—*All Init.* Boullion—*With Ire.*

Chowder—*Grasshopper.*

Horse Mackerel—*a la Sewall, Maine.* Crawfish—*a la Prairie.*

Planked Shad—*Crisp, on Rules.* Birds' Nests—*Feathered.*

Tarantulas—*a la Boom-de-ay.* Mosquitoes—*Jersey.*

Centipedes—*a la "400."* Sharks Fins—*a la Syndicate.*

Owls—*Campaign.* Snipe—*16 to 1.* Canvasback—*30 to 1.*

Cotton Tail—*a la Watson.* Ducks—*White House Decoy.*

Crow—*Executive.* Sage Hens—*In Councill.*

Congress Gators—*On Toast.*

Turkey—*a la Stuffed Prophet.* Beef—*Jerked a la Mode.*

Crackers—*Southern.* Boston Bread—*Harveyized.*

Hard Tack—*On the Bench.* Peanuts—*Executive Session.*

Yams—*Kickapoo style.* Leaks—*In the Reserve Fund.*

Navy Beans—*Counted Out.*

Ketchup—*With the Procession.* Champaigne—*Texas.*

Tom and Jerry—*Sockless and Merry.*

Cheese—*Hochwohlgeboren zweibeer von katzenjammer.*

Back Seat Cordials and Administration Bitters.

Sauerkraut—*Towed in.*

Lemons—*Nebraska.* Pineapples—*Maine.*

Grapes—*Seedless and Rare—Gold exclusively—No silver there*

Toasls.

Split Tickets..... Snowed Under.....

Prohibition Prohibited..... Kentucky Belle.....

Marylanded..... Damphools in Office.....



Der bed bug vas a bad bugbear,
Der silber bug der same;
Der Big Bug mit der silber craze
Vas sit on in der game.

Dose silber bugs vas a button abiece,
Financial accidents on vone side ;
Aber de voters vat blay dot game,
Vos split mit dails und dickets vide.

Jake Braun.

(Der Bolitishun.)

Dot settles dot!

Der vas a misunderstanding mit politicks! Everding goes amiss mit der candidates. I vas a misjudge aber Grover vas ein mistake. He got some misinformation und misques, und der office seeker gets vimmins suffrage und de peoples gets no brotection Mein frends I kom mit some labor und kapital zu Vashington, und der money vas mispent mit dose bapers I gets no office mit der government aber I got dose back seat cordials and financial bitters. Dey say Grover vas ein Damney Brave aber I dinks he vas a mischief one Buffalo. He stands around purty vell mit Missouri, und Mississippi, und sometimes mit Lousyanna, vere dey make dose levees, und moonshine viskey, und spends de peobles money, aber Jake dat vas me, vants no more mit dat picnic business. De hotel clerk mit ein Paul Kruger dimond, von Mantabeleland vas so smart. He picks me up right avay, und says, hello! Jack, how you vas? Vell I vos hunkydory, und vas shook, und don't you forget dot. He says dere vas a misentry on de hotel register von your blace, und you vas here vor ein misdemeanor, how vas dot? Nixy, aber dat vas a puzzle von der half shell. He makes me acquainted mit Misspickel and says I vas von Chagrin Falls on boliticks, vas flush und baints der down braun anyvay. Dot settles it. I vas in der swim. I hev mein nomination in der bocket just four weeks last Vensday, ven de committee koms around und says Jake, ven you puts up de rocks

und ryes, ve rings you in. Furdermore ven you shells oud ve give you de office. Aber mein frend Mossback aus Lexington says dot vas ein misplaced confidence game und her Kernel drops oud of it. Major von Knickerboker aus Salamanca says, I vas a Lombardy popular in boliticks aber I vas not in id vor backing. Id vas not possible to make de canvas in dose bants, he looks me over vonce or twice und says, Jake you vas a turnip vor a drump, aber dose bants strike bottom mit both ends—financially. Dot settles dot. Ve sitz down on der big bug vor silber. Got in Himmel! De darkey vaiter says dere vas no vool in de canvas or de bants edar, und der Major vas a tam rascal und voll von misdeeds. Dot red-headed barber vot scratched all de statesmen Vest von der Mississippi river, says: Jake you drow de sponge up bavor de campaign vas ofer. Sure! Dot vos all right, I have de sponge! He said I vas a bone of contention, und makes a misprint in my speech on boliticks, dot ve prohibit prohibition in der brauerei. Dot vas anodder tam lie. I vas a demagogue und a fillibuster von wayback und dose yellows never koms around mid my blace.

Ven I kums zu Vashington der hotel porter says: dere vas ein miscarriage von justice und fat offices in every case dot koms up vor revision. Dey hangs de nominations und der mistletoe in de Vite House, dot was a silber exhibit. Schon! Ve settles dot. Grover vas der missing link aboud Christmas. Claus Spreckels says Grover Cleveland makes drubles in de Pacific. He vants Liliuokalani, Queen von der Sandwich Islands und kicks, because dere vas no beer mit dot sandwich, und drows salt und pepper into Honolulu right avay. De frau don't like dot and drows everdings overboard—sweeps der deck, und says dat Grover's foreign bolicies don't mix mid dose domestic bolicies—schon! He vas presented mid dree misses mid black eyes, und dose girls vas no misques, dree of

dat kind vas petter as two bears. Der Baron von Schmierkase aus Kalamazoo says dere vas a misconception aboud boliticks every vich vay. Jake, you have to learn some lessons in dis kountry—und money talks. Dave Hill says Cleveland vas a mis-an-trope—dot zounds like de young lady der street ofer. Aber I dinks he vas. He says dere vas ein miscount in de election returns, und dey vas Baron von Results. Vell I don't know dot yellow, aber de boys vant der oyster count in boliticks, ven Jake pays de bill, yah! Der komittee chairman says, Jake you have some miscellaneous acquaintances to recommend you to office I suppose, und furdermore you vont fail to show your bibulous temperment during de canvas. Vell, I make dot all right, he dinks dot vos a surprise barty, Nit! De boys say I vas a scorcher von der shule district und runs der gauntlet zu Congress on a bicycle. I vas sky high, und ven I drops out mit Vashington—I durns up missing in dis blace—gets married vor support, and goes mit der fish-ball somewhere zwischen Bryan von Nebraska und der Sewall. Und dot settles dot.

Leap year Proposal—Sixteen to one.

Leap year Surprise—More tails than heads.

Der Base Silber Ball Klub.

DEAR JAKE:

I send you some greedings ous St. Louis, von der Base Silver Ball Klub, aber dey vas brincipally Chicagoes. Bryan vas der bowler und pitcher und vas voll von soft soap. He komis aus der Platte von Nebraska in a box. Id vas not a band box, aber der band plays on de box. Der furst ball vas so voll von Pitch, dat id struck der Populists all over, und dey tied a Vatson string to de ball aus Georgia vich vas at stake. Der second ball knock-ed der grandstand ofer und some beoples vas killed dead. Aber dey vas brincibally animosities von der oder klub, und vas buried an-der-ground. Sewall vas de backstop von der vaters edge und vas fixed up purty vell mit life-preservers und feder beds, vich masks de situation. His main stay vas a spanker sheet vat stops all de wind von der players und on account of de vedder der ball vas caught mit a foghorn. Der Maine dail to der ticket vas a bigbug, und a bugbear on der bag, und gets der sack von de Populists. Dose yellows runs off mit Georgia vor anodder catcher. Der silber bat vas just so blind as before, und vas a fowl bird mid dwo dails und no fedders. Der furst fellow up vas Teller aus Colorado. He hit der lining von der silber home plate und vent oud mit a fly zu furst on Turbentine baber, und vas stuck on der proposition. Vest got his base on ball-bearing sockets, und kom home mit a scorcher in der field, vich vas left. One run in der vest. Der silber ball hugged der dimond purty vell every dime id goes oud mit der dimond-der klub makes nine errors. Dose yellows cut all kind of figures,

outside und inside, mit der dimond, und vars der leder medal. Pettigrew vas bigger as before, ven he koms up to bat vor base bullion, und not vor runs, he vent oud mit der strikers-goes off der handle, und runs avay mit der bench. Every ball player vas protected mit tariff reform to suit. Dey vas varing Scotch bants und blays off mit second base, because dey have plenty of vind, und de beoples gets de same ting in boliticks. Attgeld got some spit on his hands, und set up der windmill on der home-plate vor Anarchy. He was bottled. Boies vas knock-ed ofer mit der silber ball und vent zu furst base mit der ambulance, und looks der field ofer. Cannon, aus Utah, knock-ed der hide von der Mormon ball, und koms home mit dree girls on every arm. One run mit six petticoats. Der cotton bugs von der Soud, vant more silber catchers und der silber bugs vat blays ball, vants more cotton battin. Der bases und der grandstand vas intoxicated mit candidates, und dose candidates vas voll von der silber admosphere. Dere vas plenty von base stealing, aber no hits vas made in der campaign mit der Silber Klub. Dey vas Popocrats. Der vampire holds der Klub down every dime und dey gets noding vat vas not paid vor in bullion, because dey blay baby ball, dey gets no Seignorage. Fudermore, der Silber Klub took a drop too much, vas knockedup, vas blanketed vor repairs, und ven dey koms home, vas rubbed down right avay.

Hochwohlgeboren zweibeervonkatzenjammer.

A Yankee perogative is to be a presidential nominee.

Tis on the Bill of Fare.

Its hey didd'e, diddle,
Crack your pistol,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Call the coon in a canter for candy and crow,
Cats, canines and cucumbers for candidates you know.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
A political gingle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

The new comer is a hummer, a political drummer,
Pays his bills and stays all summer.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Blow your whistle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Behold a headless tail a stewing,
Mark the billing and cooing and tommy cat wooing.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
The latest wrinkle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

With limburger cheese and a plenty of breeze,
The Populist speakers began to sneeze.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey didle, didle,
On the popocrat griddle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Pop pealed and peppered the bun for fun,
And Topeka Peffer piped a pot-house pun.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Split in the middle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

With a twang and a bang and another harrague,
They busted the platform and wrecked the shebang.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Without any quibble,
Tis on the bill of fare.

There is Sewall and Billy-Bill and nil,
With plum pudding Tommy thrown into the swill.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Another wrinkle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

The worst for the thirst, Nebraska wurst,
Bill dined and wined and in eloquence he burst.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
All for a nickel,
Tis on the bill of fare.

This bicycle meet, both dressy and neat,
Belles, sprockets and bangles and tiny feet,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, aiddle.
The pot and kettle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

There is sour apple, crab apple, sweet applesass,
With cider thrown in and a comely lass,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Your palate to tickle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Strawberry, dewberry, plum, blackberry, cranberry.
Baited with rum, gooseberry, huckleberry on the run.
Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey, diddle, diddle,
A play and riddle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

There is no missing the kissing from parlor to kitchen,
The splicing and hiding and spoony divining.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Tis hey diddle, diddle,
All in a pickle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

There is beer and boiled owl, a monk with a cowl,
A silver fool and another howl.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Molasses and trickle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Pat's Billy goat swallowed the cross and crown,
And Bridget boiled her soft soap down.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
The bow and fiddle,
Tis on the bill of fare.

Cocktail, sherry and wines, telegraph poles,
The latest finds, champaigne, cherry bounce, punch in
rhymes.

Tis on the bill of fare.

Its hey diddle, diddle,
Basket and thimble,
Tis on the bill of fare.

The priest and the nun, will have lots of fun,
After the campaign is lost and won.

Tis on the bill of fare.

The Silver Boozer.

A Bum, no hum, some rum I suppose
A buster for bluster, and a duster for clothes,
A penny a pound for platforms round and swell,
A prayer and a pointer, a silver annointer as well.
A Silver shoe, and a bottle for you, on the side,
A moon and a spoon, and a Silver boom for the bride.
Just Teller about Boies, Dubois and Pettigrew
How Bland and Blackburn and Pennoyer blew,
How Cannon was fired at Altgeld and Mantle,
How the silver fools were caught in battle.
Less alert, less work, less spurt for a show.
More cash, more hash, and more smash you know.
Not a dime, but a damn, not a cent for the man
Who preaches repudiation and Silver for Sam.

Advice to Our Congressman Who Voted the Wilson Bill.

ECCE HOBO.

When you have placed your heels in the highest attainable position, which is doubtless a very lofty one in your instance. We beg to advise you, that you will strike an attitude in which you will be enabled to display all the intelligence you ever possessed.

The Judge sat on the paper of tacks
These pointed arguments proved very cold facts,
His decision ruled out another ruled in,
From the Bench to the Bar he howled for Gin.

We sent him to Congress on a high rolling tide,
He voted Free Trade and a Holy Smoke divide
He preached Silver at home and drew solid Gold,
Up Salt River he goes, and down in the hold.

Obadiah Hayrake.

Thar be more tarnal cussedness in politics than thar ever waz. Folks is a saying thar be more tails than heads in the presidential canvas. Thar always will be more tales about the candidates than thar ought to be. Hezakiah allows they be lies or prevarications and they hez no business a swinging around the circle. Howemsoever, I reckon the ticket that Barnum ought to hev is the ticket for me to dew up. I am a cornhusker from the log cabin on the square, and be a canvassing for pumpkin heads with eloquence and two tales for the Fall Campaign. Thar 'l be a rush for pumpkin pie, and our bill of fare afore Thanksgiving. Cleveland hez got to thank em for their political offerings, but I calkerlate thar be few thanks a coming to him, for I hain't made a dollar under this administration, and thar be 514 million silver Dollars in the United States treasury, stuck in the mud, wot won't circulate.

I reckon it be our turn for a rake-off on the farm. We hez turned the sod over four times for fun, and I'll be durned if we ain't billed for the turnovers all round, and we calkerlate to turn over the hull golldanged party this Fall and bury on em deeper than Prohibition, and no moonshine. The candidates wot be in the field hez been a-splitting rails and planks the hull Summer, and some on 'em hez got to ride orthodox. The boys hez been a bringing hum campaign literature for more than a month, and a piling of it up in the woodshed. The rats and mice hez a pic-nic a cracking jokes, and devouring solid information. Them thar rodents is not agoing to schewl, but they is edicating themselves for future usefulness. I allowed petitioning Congress for an]addition to the

woodshed, as the politicians is responsible for the literature, but the Galoot from our destrict is a no account fellow. wot sot around on the rail fences at the corners, until some one waz fool enough to nominate him for Congress. He is a drawing of his salary and a getting no thanks.

Hezakiah hez asked me several times wot ticket I waz agoing to vote and hez numbered em to keep track on em, calkerlating to draw the winner in November. I don't zacly like his question, because I hez shouted for the dangeest fools agoing, and hez had to crawfish with some on em on my back. Hezakiah allows that the corn haz tossed out higher than ever, but the price on it, is nearer the ground floor than it haz been for forty years, and as long as he wears last year's burrs and thistles on his overalls, I hain't a voting his ticket. Some of the candidates this year is seedy enough to plant, and enrich the sile. Thar be a pesky sight of political tramps in the field wot preaches the opposite doctrine every campaign. They be chesnuts and boomrangers. Some on em ought to be pensioned off to dispose of 'em. Fer myself, I calkerlate to quit raising corn and hogs, and seed down the tarnal farm with wild oats, and raise hell with the politicians this ere Fall. We hev got to organize a Cabbage and Persimmon syndicate. Them thar combines hez got the margins and we kentry jakes hez got the frills and is sot back. The Farmers' Alliance hez insured the health and wealth of this kentry long enough. We don't mind a supporting the oyster counts of the Atlantic with blue points, but when we hez to support the bulls and the bears of titled Europe, furnishing the girls and the gold, and keeping of the silver ourselves, I am counted out to stay.

The damn fools is in office, and it be purty gol-darned near time for us fellows to kick up a boom, and take a rake-off, and that, gentlemen, is what we is here for.

OBADIAH HAYRAKE.

A GUIDE UP SALT RIVER.

Illustrated with some of the broadest features developed in the campaign.

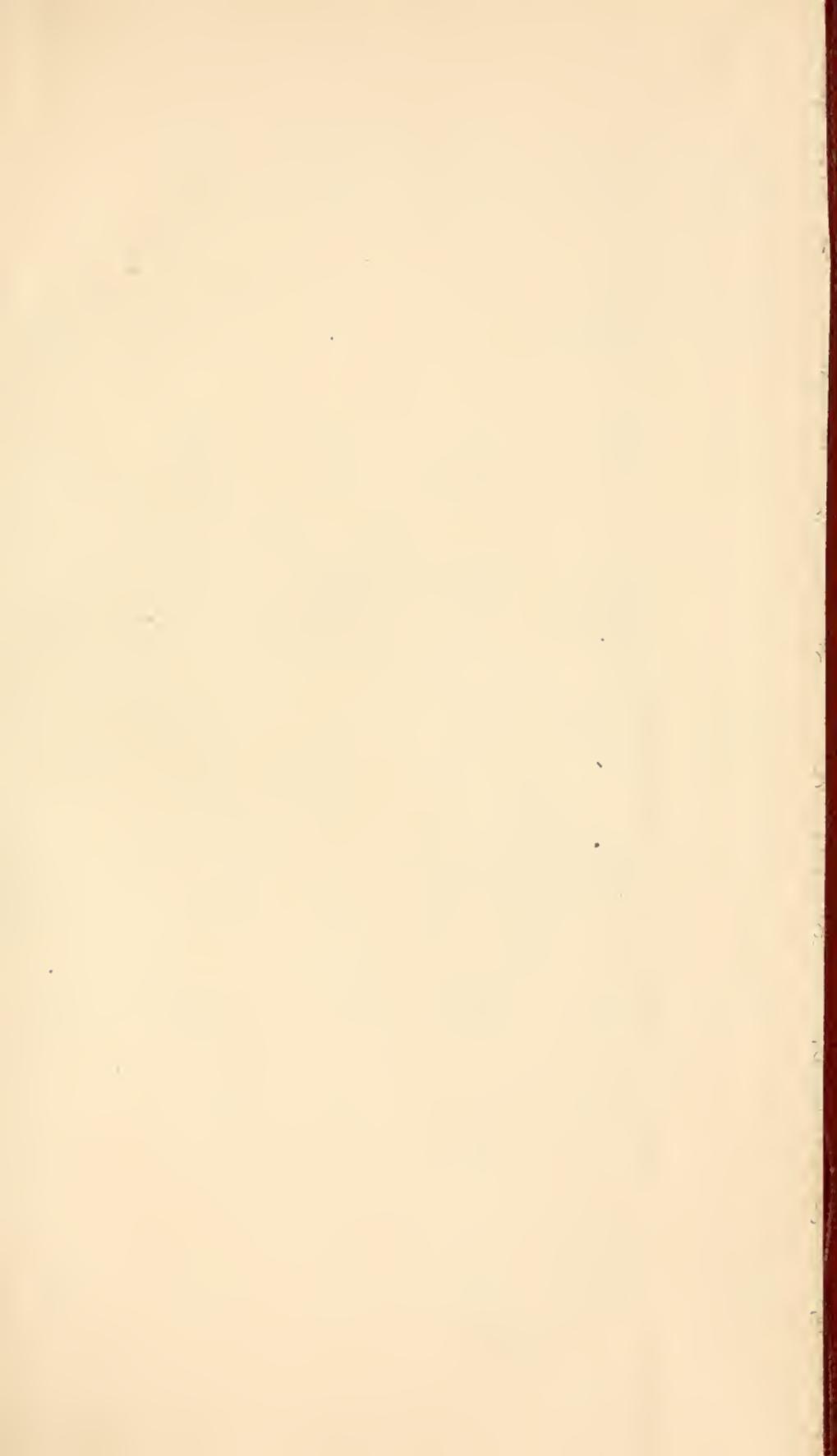
10 CENTS.

**JAKE BRAUN, Der Bolitishun,
Und der Silber Big Bug.**



Der bed bug vas a bad bugbear,
Der silber bug der same;
Der Big Bug mit der silber craze
Vas sit on in der game.

Dose silber bugs vas a button abiece,
Financial accidents on vone side;
Aber de voters vat blay dot game,
Vos split mit dails und dicketts vide.



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